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AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

COMIC OPERA:

OF THE

Lady of the Manor.

Altered from JOHNSON and KENRICK,

K PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1782.

ALICE DUFFY CHORUSER, &c.

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ALICE DUFFY CHORUSER and KENNEDY.

PERFORMED AT THE

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LONDON.

WILLIAM GOSWELL, PRINTER, 17, ST. MARK LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John English,	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Sir Charles Manly,	-	-	Mr. BOWDEN.
Young English,	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Sternhold,	-	-	Mr. DARLEY.
Shacklefigure,	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.

Lady Lucy,	-	-	Mrs. BILLINGTON
Mrs. Townly,	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.

Country Men and Maids.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mr. Gower	John English
Mr. Hornum	Mr. Charles Smith
Mr. Johnston	Young English
Mr. Darrin	Mr. Darrin
Mr. Lewis	Mr. Lewis

Mr. Johnston	Mr. Lewis
Mr. Darrin	Mr. Darrin

S O N G S

I N

The LADY of the MANOR.

A C T I.

SONG I.—*Sir Charles.*

LUXURIOUS Lords on beds of down,
Thus care wide waking keeps;
While laid on straw the labouring clown
All night profoundly sleeps.
Nay, blythe, the sea-boy reefs the sail
While howling tempests blow,
And laughs to scorn amidst the gale,
His wat'ry grave below.

SONG

SONG II.—*Sternhold.*

C H O R U S.

Happy Britons, while we shear
 Our silver fleeces once a year,
 As rich, tho' not so rare;
 If that of old,
 A fleece of gold,
 We neither know nor care.

A I R.

A wond'rous tale, my friends, we're told,
 How from some foreign shore
 To Greece of old a fleece of gold
 Advent'rous Jason bore;
 Yet murmur not, my honest friends,
 Your native flocks to keep;
 Not less our gains, whose peaceful plains
 Are whiten'd o'er with sheep.
 More richly doth our pains requite
 The harvest of the fold,
 Whose fleeces white, are chang'd at sight,
 By commerce into gold.

C H O R U S.

Happy Britons, &c.

SONG

SONG III.---*Lady Lucy.*

SIMPLICITY, daughter of truth,
 In modesty's vesture array'd,
 Here breathes the fond hope of the youth,
 And whispers the wish of the maid.

There, Artifice, son of deceit,
 In impudent foppery drefs'd,
 With innocence playing the cheat,
 Still makes of true passion a jest.

SONG IV.---*Mrs. Townley.*

DELIGHTFUL is a rural life,
 Where peace and plenty reign;
 Where faithful every man and wife,
 And true each nymph and swain.

The plain of plains, the rural plain,
 Where such pure raptures flow;
 But may I ne'er see town again,
 If such a plain I know.

Believe me false the country clown,
 As any London beau;
 The rustic lass like Miss in town,
 Can favours too bestow.

The town of towns, dear London town,
 Thy pleasures then be mine!
 Deceit may dress in linen gown,
 And truth in diamonds shine.

SONG V.---*Young English.*

IN vain, the grave and gay, the thoughtful and
 the sage,

Would teach us to despise the joys, that suit
 our age.

Youth's the season to be gay,

Then smile each beau and belle;

To joy we'll give the day,

Ah, *vive la bagatelle!*

The laughing hours invite to sport while young
 and gay,

With love and soft delight our minutes pass
 away.

Old age and care they say,

O'ertake each beau and belle;

Then who would meet such foes half way?

Ah, *vive la bagatelle!*

SONG

GLEE VI.

WITH friendly smile and social glee,
 Lo rural hospitality;
 With hearty welcome to the best
 Of ev'ry stranger makes a guest.

In plenty spreads her chearful board,
 With what kind nature's gifts afford,
 So lib'ral, generous, frank and free,
 Is rural hospitality!

In heaven, no sooner heard her name,
 Than Jove to earth a rambler came,
 Philemon's guest as well as we,
 Hail rural hospitality!

SONG VII---*Lady Lucy.*

LOVE by reason uncontroul'd,
 Never long the same can hold;
 'Tis a fever of the mind,
 Of the intermittent kind;
 Hot and cold,
 Like an ague hot and cold.

Now the wretch with fury burns,
 Now his freezing fit returns;
 Fickle as the breath he draws,
 Now he chills, and now he thaws,
 Hot and cold,
 Love's an ague hot and cold.

A I R VIII.--Sir Charles.

THE power you gain'd by surprize,
 Accept dearest maid from my voice;
 Receive me the slave of thine eyes,
 By conquest endeared by choice.
 Is happiness center'd in pride,
 Let the vain and insensible prove,
 What to birth and to splendor's ally'd,
 True taste has enthron'd it *on love*.

ACT

A C T II.

SONG IX.—*Shackleguire.*

TOM--said--to--me,
 Tim, how very slow you move;
 I--said--to--he,
 Who runs best then let us prove.
 Per--ad--ven--ture
 Swiftest foot may lose the race,
 Best--slow--and--sure;
 And, in truth, it was the case,
 Sir, depend on't,
 Hey--off--we--set;
 Tom was first for half a mile.
 How--won--the--bett
 May make your worship smile.
 Tom--ran--so--fast,
 'Gainst a stone he kick'd his toes:
 Le's--speed--more haste;
 Tom fell down and broke his nose.
 Mark the end on't.

SONG.

SONG. X.---Sir Charles.

A WREATH for my fair I have chose,
 But not of the spoils of the grove;
 Ah, no! she out-blushes the rose---
 Than the myrtle, more constant my love.

'Tis one, jealous doubts can't invade
 Amidst the wild ardors of youth;
 That ne'er in possession can fade---
 'Tis affection, supported by truth.

SONG XI. Young English.

THE cunning country wench in this
 Like little, lofty, London Mifs,
 So shyly shuns a civil kiss,
 But boldly offers more.

Begin to rifle once her charms,
 Her bosom beats with soft alarms,
 And, kindly sinking in your arms,
 Her feign'd aversion's o'er.

SONG.

SONG XII. *Young English.*

LET me then to yonder bower
Only but for half an hour
With my fairy-queen retire;
There, unseen, we'll toy and play;
Why averse, my fair one, say?
Zounds, she sets me all on fire!

SONG XIII. *Young English.*

GIVE me then life's largest cup;
Fill with pleasure, fill it up;
Pleasure, such as love inspires;
Melting joys and warm desires;
Keep Oh! keep it running o'er,
Till, grown old, I thirst no more.

A C T III.

SONG XIV. *Young English.*

THE whining girl or whimpering boy,
Papa's or mother's darling,
Obtaining thus a fav'rite toy,
By sulking or by snurling;
A while he in it takes a pride,
So pleasing is the gay thing!
But soon, the bauble thrown aside,
He cries for some new play-thing.

SONG XV. *Mrs. Townly.*

I freely confess, Sir,
I dress and undress her;
Alone with her quite at my ease,
No mortal but I, Sir,
Her constant adviser,
Can do with her just as I please.

SONG

SONG XVI.—*Sir John English.*

THE youth of the age are so prodigal grown,
 So profligate, thoughtless and idle;
 That all my estate should I lend him on loan,
 At Newmarket races,
 At Bath and such places;
 My money and lands would go after his own;
 No, no, let him bite on the bridle.

Our family mansion, which time still regards,
 In mould'ring would totter and fide;
 Our oaks, that once shelter'd old Divids and
 bards,
 At Almack's and Arthur's,
 Amongst stars and garters,
 To each would be sell'd by a cut of the cards;
 No, no, let him bite on the bridle.

SONG XVII.—*Lady Lucy.*

BALMY pleasure, ever flowing
 From this spring of purest joy;
 Bliss-born phantoms, ever knowing
 Happiness, without alloy!

C

All

All the heart can wish possessing,
 Gives the gay enchanting fields,
 Love and friendship here caressing,
 Social rapture ever yields.

SONG XVIII.—*Sir Charles.*

CAN Shreds of sattin, silk or lace,
 By mode or taste combin'd,
 Bestow one beauty in the face,
 One virtue on the mind?
 Then Flora wherefore stoop so low,
 To have recourse at art?
 Your charms require not dress nor shew,
 To captivate the heart.

SONG XIX.—*Lady Lucy.*

AH why that tender breast,
 By love's soft sway posselt,
 Should jealous pangs molest?
 But while amidst the bloom of May,
 While the fair rose appears so gay,
 And breathes its charming sweets around,
 Beneath the pointed thorn is found.

((049))

SONG XX. -- Mrs. Townly.

THE man is stark mad without doubt,
And this for my safety expedient.
To the right, if you please, wheel about;
'Tis well, Sir, so there your obedient.

SONG XXI. -- Lady Lucy.

OH, stay! ah, turn, my only dear!
The sportive trial's too severe;
It pains me thus to grieve you.

Leave not in rage your faithful bride,
But lay your fears and frowns aside,
And let her undeceive you.

FINALE XXII.

Sir Charles. FALSE and flattering is the
kiss

Of the fickle faithless Miss.

Lady Lucy. True and faithfully for life,
Loves a chaste endearing wife.

Mrs.

((20))

Mrs. Townly. Marriage might indeed have
joys,
Youth so true to beauty.

Young English. Laughing girls and blooming
boys,
Blessing love and duty.

Sternhold. Joy then to the wedded pair!
Joy unmix'd with sorrow!

Sir John. Hold you there—an hour of
care,

Must bid an heir good-morrow.
Chorus. Joy then to the wedded pair!
Joy unmix'd with sorrow!

Till the birth-day of our care,
Bid Boy and girl good-morrow.

THE END.

FINALE XXII.